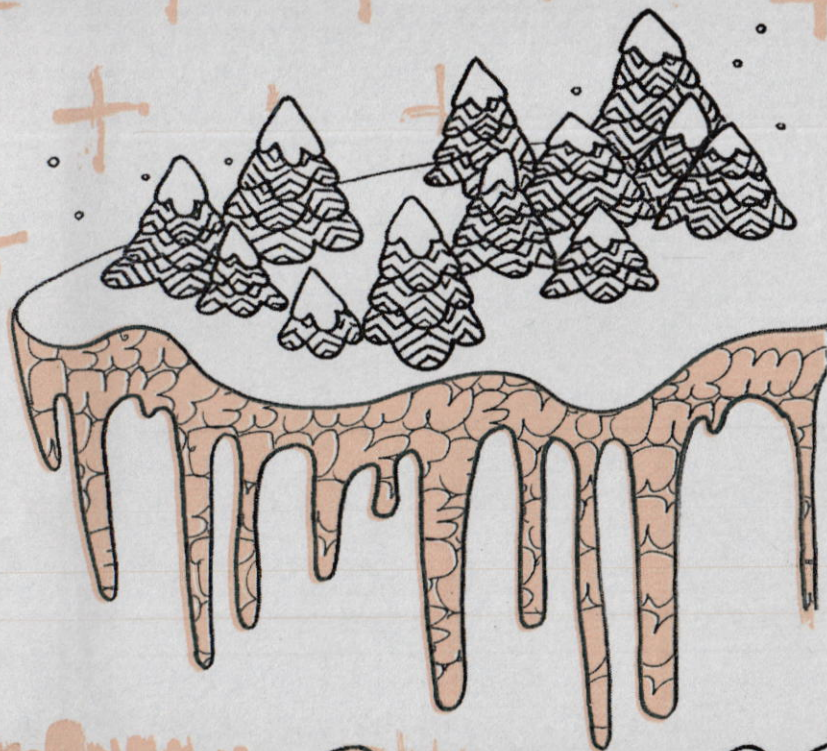


BUBBLES

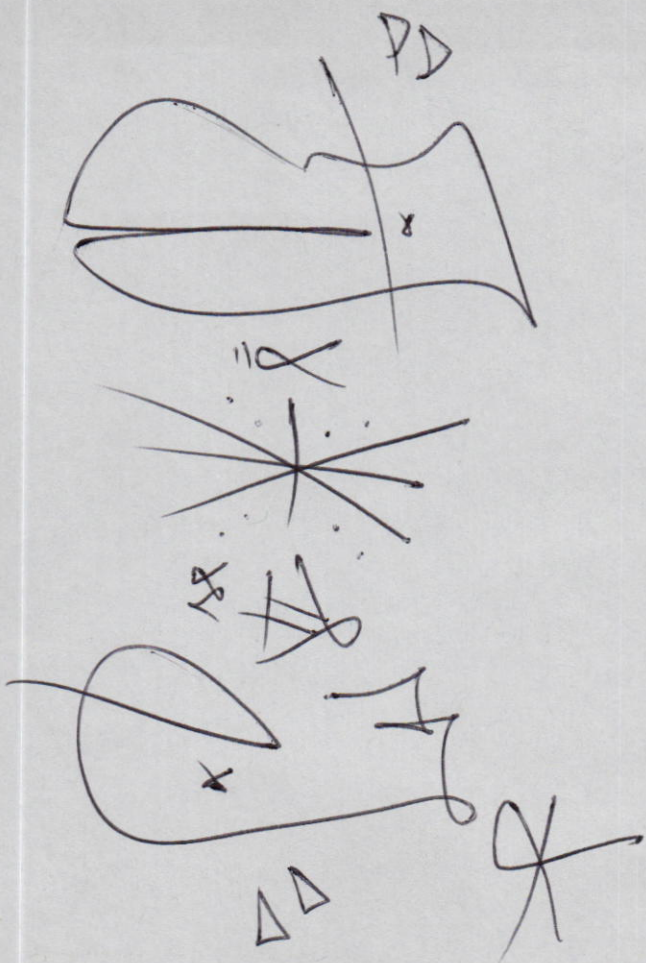


PERMANENT PINK PERMANENT



388 / SD

Second Press





summer2008

Printed by PageInJoymentPress  
cover apsr/avoid  
\*polaroids from avoid  
\* freight hop 07  
\*artists pages

\* final thought: RAMishanir

contact:  
www.flickr.com/dystova  
www.spacemy.com/picrew  
dystovaone@yahoo.com

MACHINE# AMT PAID

# STAFF

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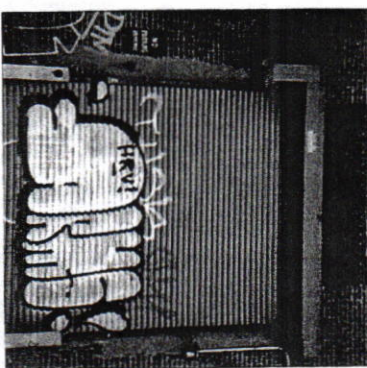
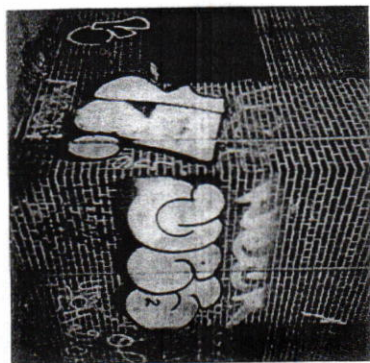
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THE



older burners  
and the centre  
points of new  
crossing paths  
and total  
destruction  
new york



in spots that only a night before were buffed shows that at least some part of our public relates to and appreciates this form of expression. Until there is drastic restrictions of corporate advertising, the plethora of which pollutes the city more than graffiti ever could, no one can rightly claim that one act is wrong while another is right. Indeed, if either of the two mediums would be considered right then Graffiti would have to win the prize since it so purely takes the utmost amendment of the American Constitution and utilizes its privilege. Graffiti is a right because freedom of speech is a right; Graffiti is only crime is appreciating that precious freedom.

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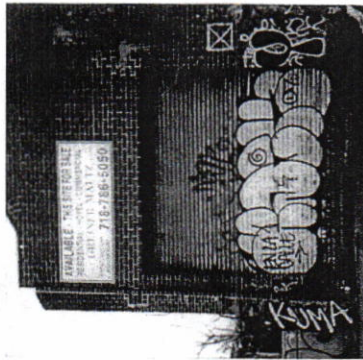
Pam! Shand! NYC E008



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One of the strongest arguments against graffiti is that it vandalizes private property. In a city where this "private property" acts as one large billboard for a manufactured voice such an argument falls flat. It is unjust to allow the edifices of buildings to be vandalized with one message because the messenger is equipped with the means to pay for his message, while illegalizing a similar vandalization by a much larger group which does not have the means to relay its message legally, meaning with vast corporate wealth. Claiming graffiti as a violent act of vandalization assumes that the American public as a whole is threatened by such acts. Such claims forget that our American population is large and varied; the constant reappearance of graffiti

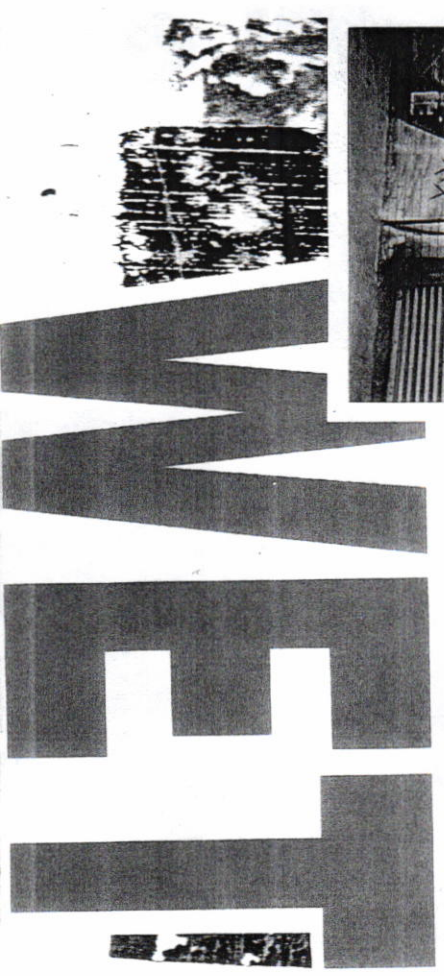
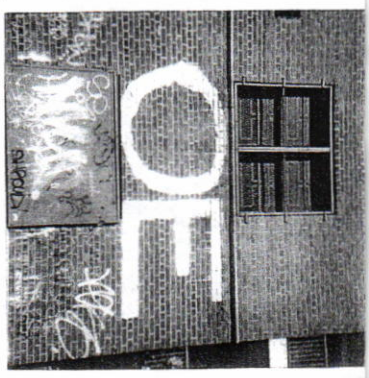
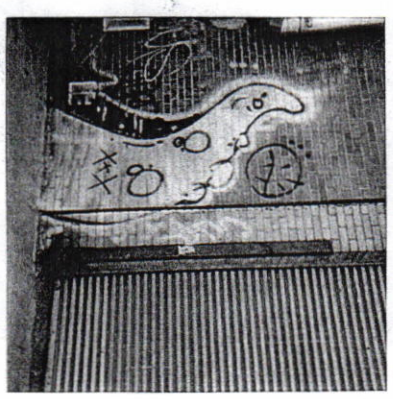




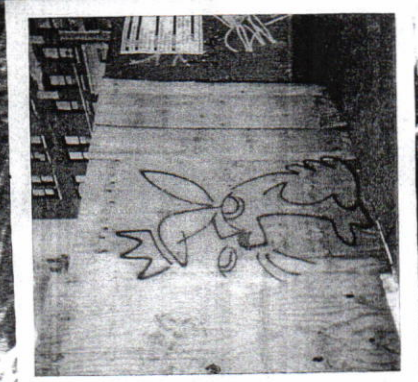
167 Jones SIN KO -de-  
his @h d

As if this were a declaration of  
self-dependence [ah-hem] independence.  
I declare this chapter adjourned. Ab-  
stracted, only by tangent-driven thoughts,  
yearned momentarily, (sic, question of moving  
particles per unit of time) in situ. Scribbling  
in short is challenging to express, never  
theless interpret. To be sharp is to bring

Square, as being blunt is to the point.  
Logic fits wherever you put it & I have  
the (treasure) chest where are you? I have  
my ex (function) day mind to grasp  
[Integration (cosine)] [transmitted in SAP]  
I can see through connections relevant  
to how they came to exist. Metaphors  
- really speaking I see the bricks  
and then the house, see the streets  
before the brick, see the forest before  
the stick. I see the seeds that Made  
them drive the self processes and make  
her give. With me ~~these~~ that's ~~stayed~~  
so short it made a moment last a minute.  
took clock tick tick before the last  
chime of a watch &  
Red Regolith ready

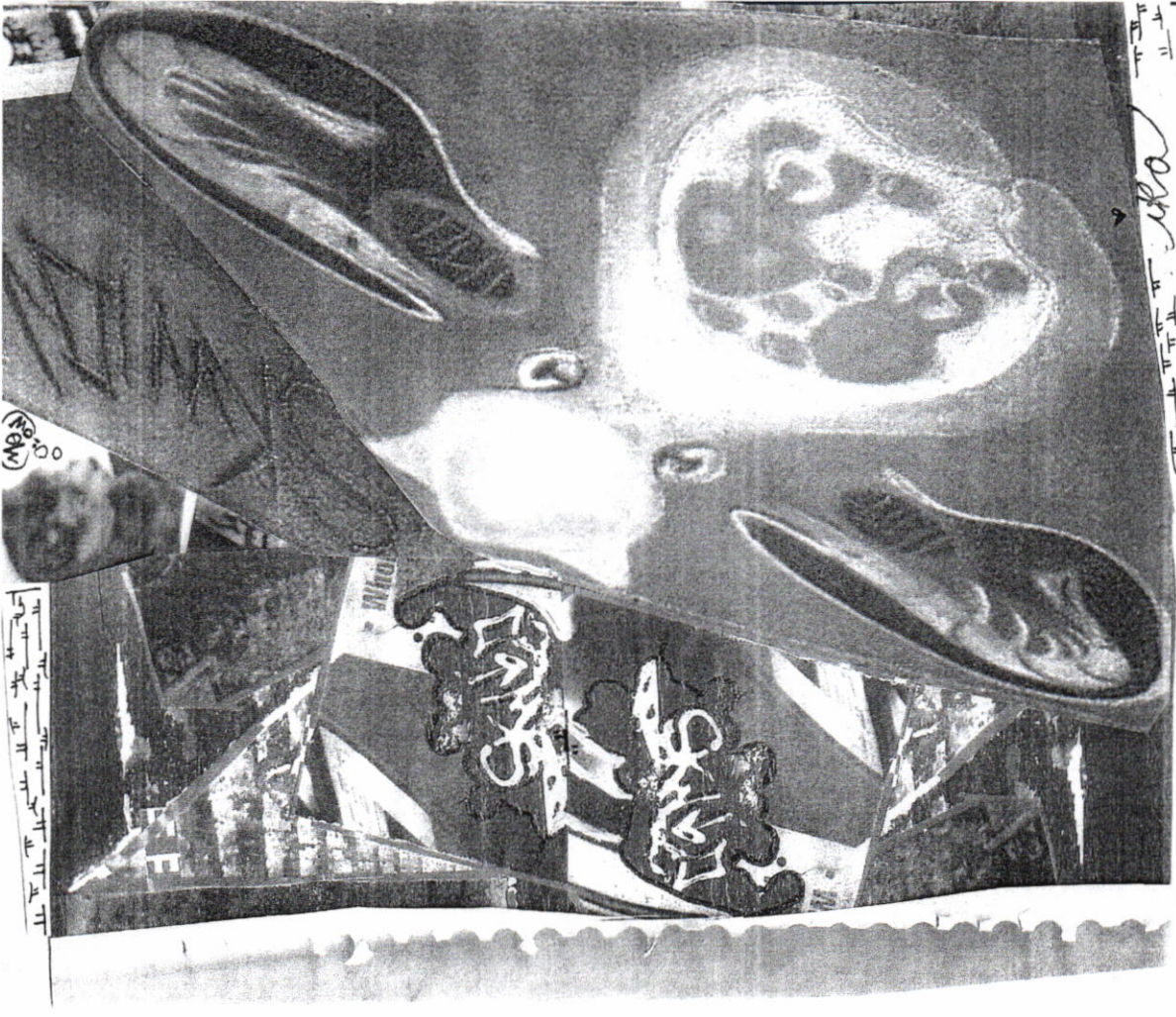
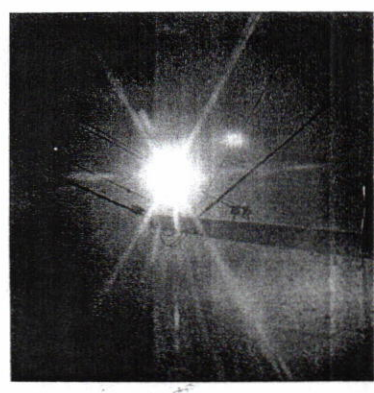




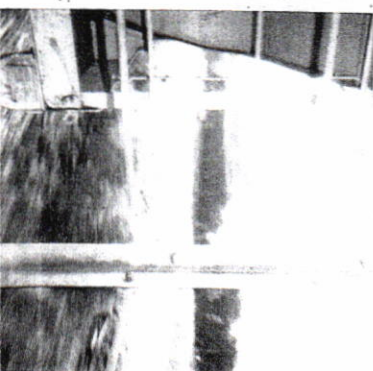
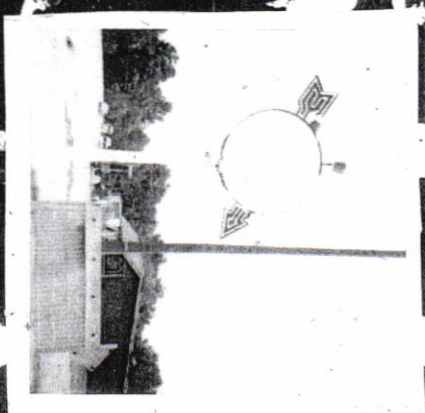
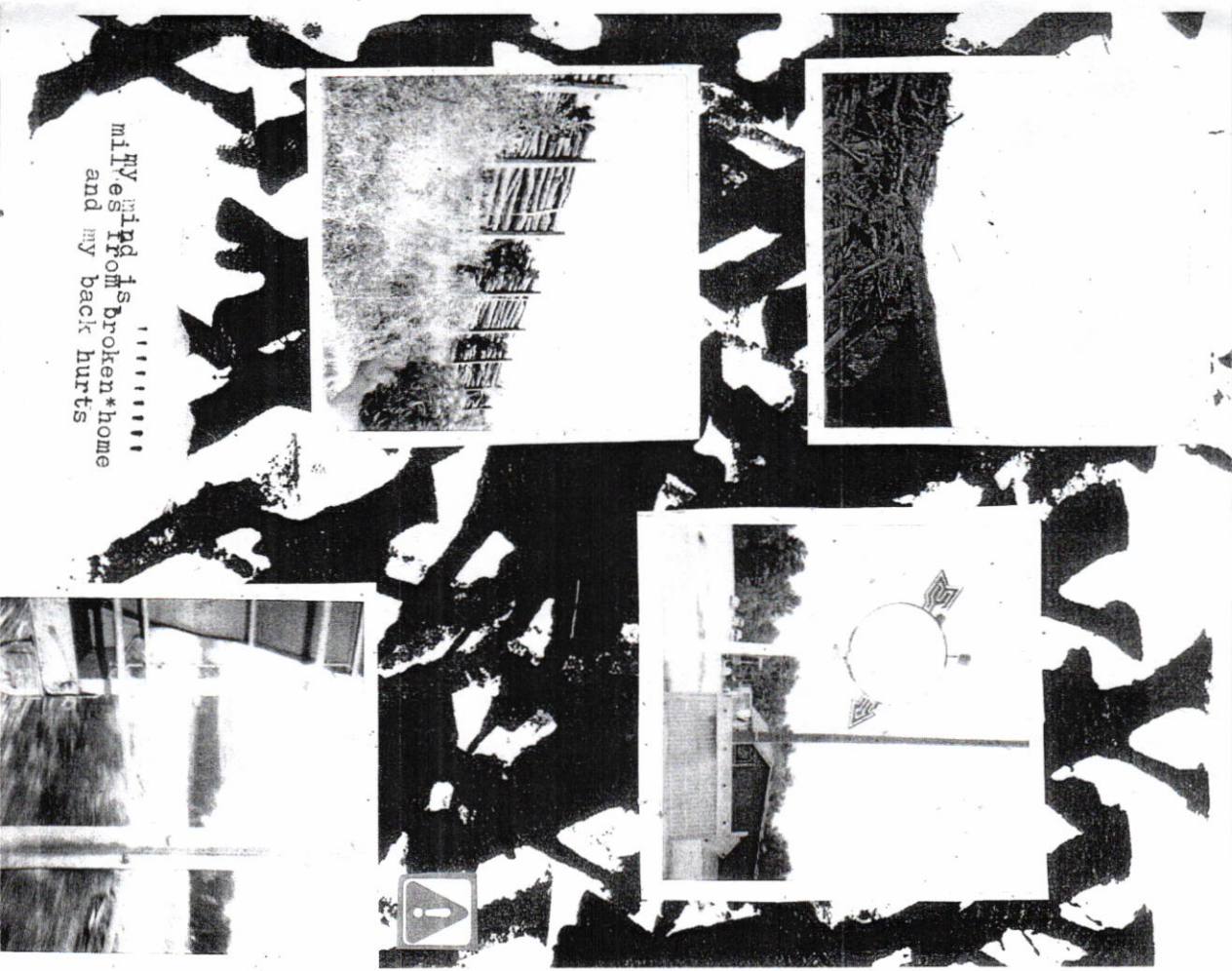
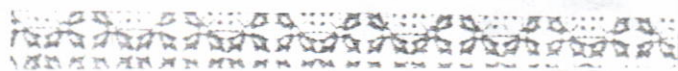
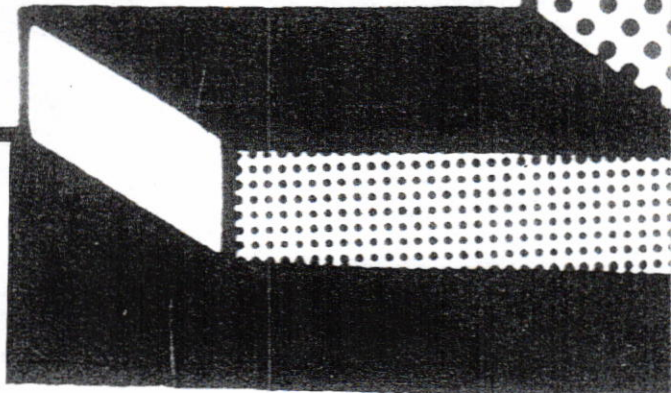
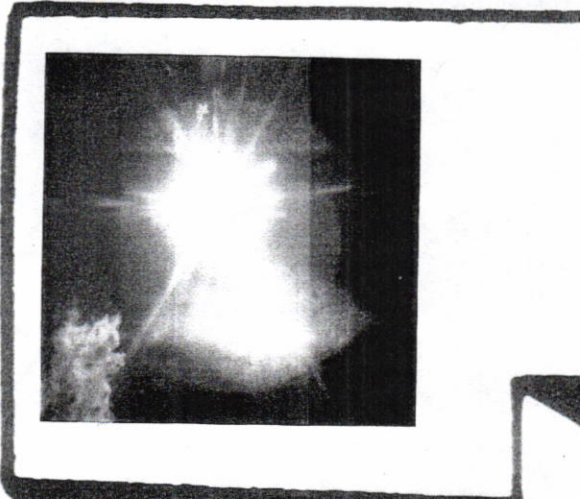


empty eyes set among  
the soft unstained garments

RAFF



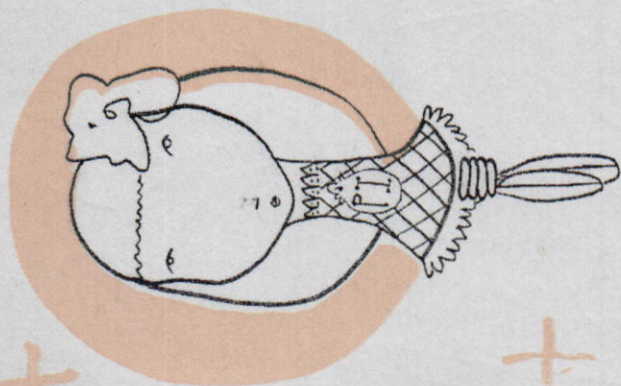




my mind is broken\*home  
and my back hurts



BEVER

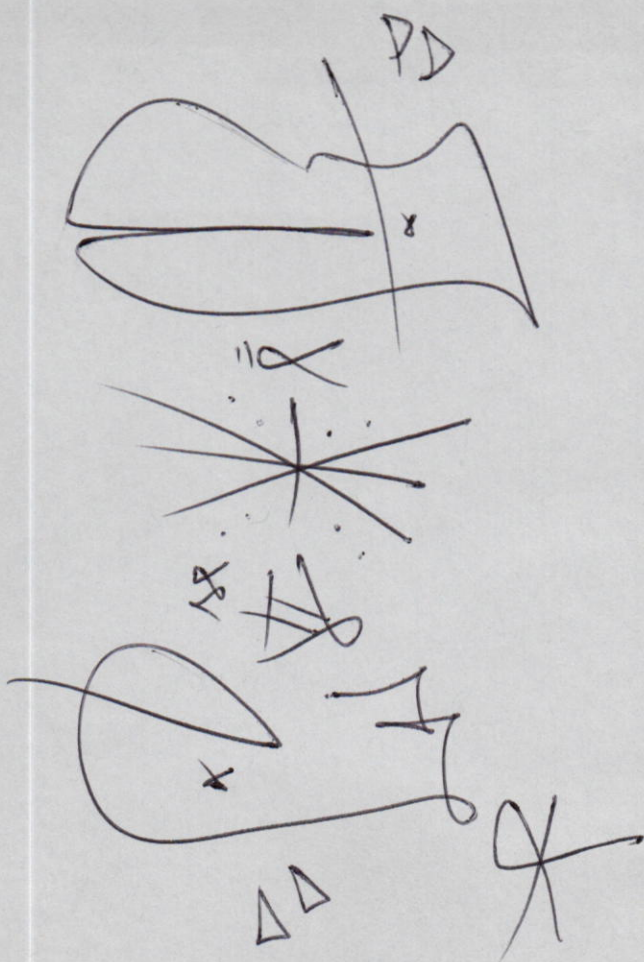


BEVER



388/SID

SECOND PRESS

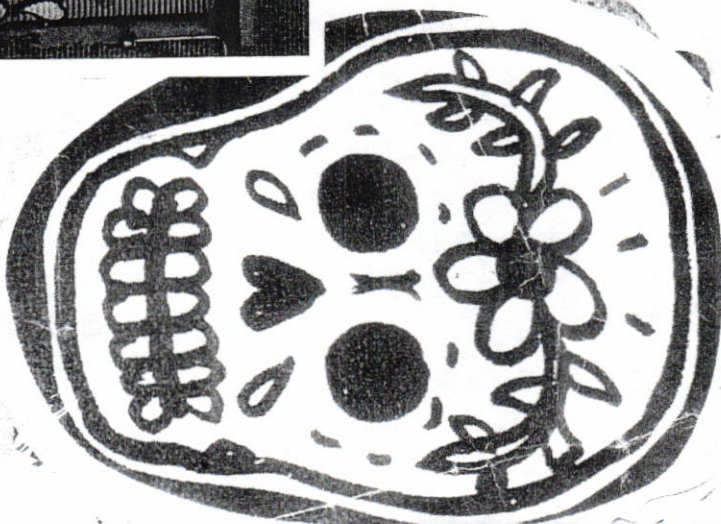
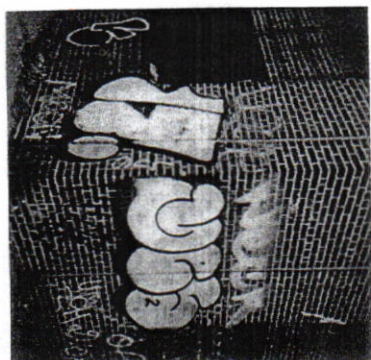
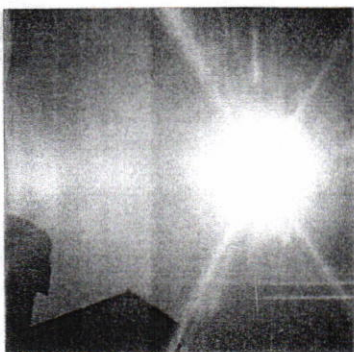








older burners  
and the centre  
pointe of new  
crossing paths  
and total  
destruction  
new york



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Pamli Shamir NYC E008



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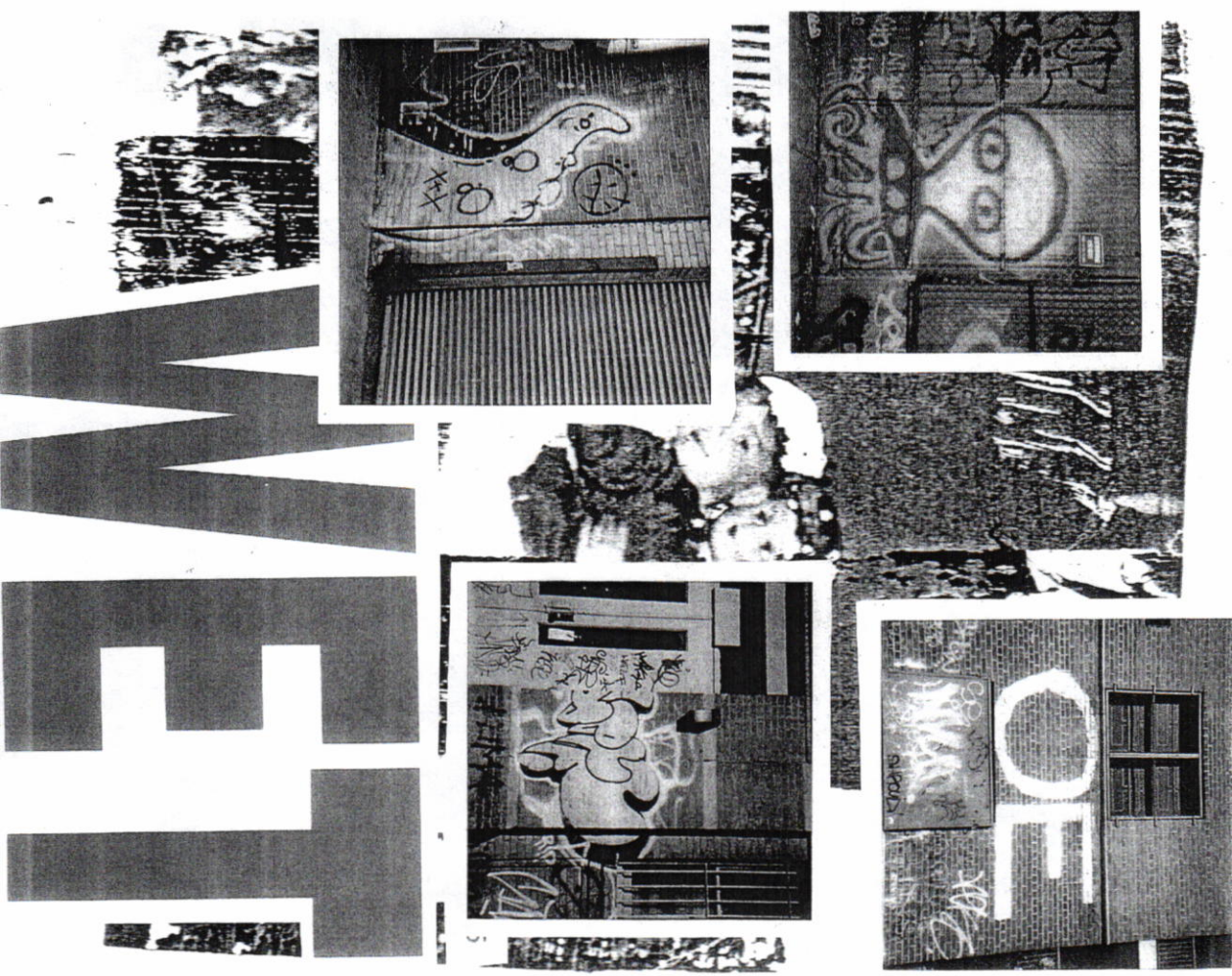




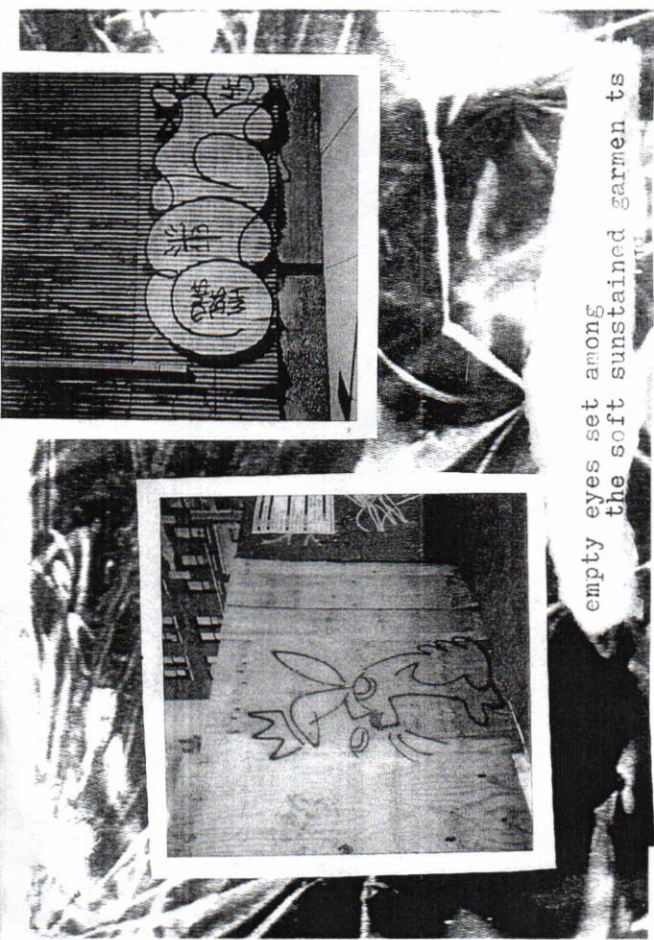
de-  
 1600:00 SIN K0 my Ohb

As if this were a declaration of  
 self-dependence [al-ham] independence  
 I declare this chapter adjourned. Ab-  
 -tracted, only by tangent-driven thought,  
 yearned momentarily, (sic, direction of moving  
 particles per unit of time) in 3th. Scribbling  
 in short is challenging to express, never  
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Square, as being blunt is to the point  
 Logic fits wherever you put it ~~at~~ I have  
 the (treasures, just where are you?) to save  
 my ex (lithium) day) mind to grasp  
 [Mortgage (cosas) [transmitted in sap]  
 I can see through connections relevant  
 to how they came to exist. Metaphor  
 -ically speaking I see the bricks  
 and even the horse, see the streets  
 before the brick, see the forest before  
 the stick. I see the seeds that Made  
 than give the seed process and make  
 her go. With the ~~these~~ that ~~stayed~~  
 so first ~~to~~ made a moment just a minute.  
 took clock tick tick before the last  
 chime of 9 or 11:59 + ~~repetition~~

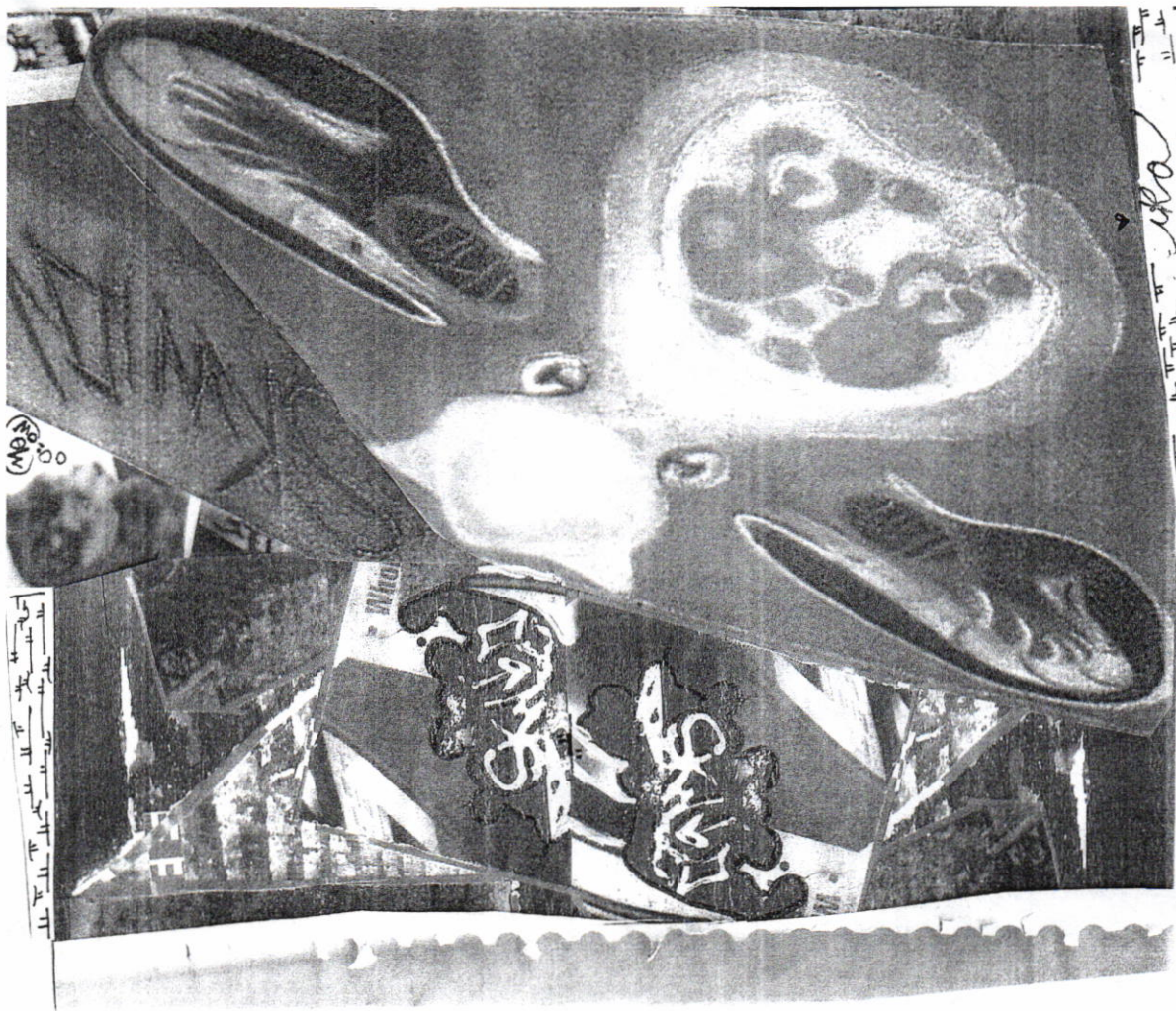
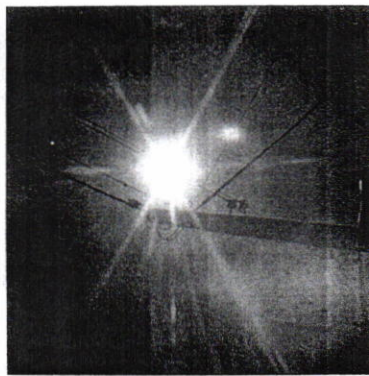






empty eyes set among  
the soft unstained garments

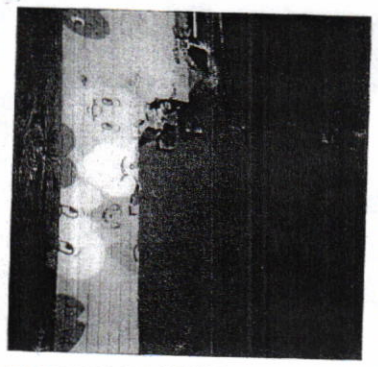
PALE







wash my hands clean  
of all of t his



"My feeling is that people can't get hold of time because I isn't there at all."

Issue: Newton thought of time as a river flowing at the same rate everywhere. Albert Einstein unified space and time into a single entity, but he still held on to the concept of time as a measure of change. In Barbour's view there is no invisible river of time. Instead, he thinks that change merely creates an illusion of time, with each individual moment existing in its own right, complete and whole. He calls these moments "Nows."

As we live, we seem to move through a succession of Nows. The question is, what are they? Barbour asks. His answer: Each Now is an arrangement of everything in the universe. We have the strong impression that things have definite positions relative to each other. I aim to abstract away everything we cannot see, directly or indirectly, and simply keep this idea of many different things coexisting at once. There are simply the Nows, nothing more and nothing less.

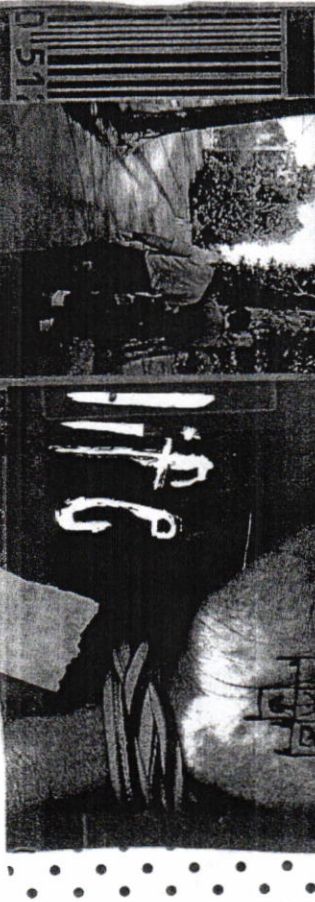
Barbour's Nows can be imagined as pages of a novel ripped from the book's spine and tossed randomly onto the floor. Each page is a separate entity. Arranging the pages in some special order and moving through them step by step makes it seem that a story is unfolding. Even so, no matter how we arrange the sheets, each page is complete and independent. For Barbour, reality is just the physics of these Nows taken together as a whole. "What really intrigues me is that the totality of all possible Nows has a very special structure," he says. "You can think of it as a landscape or country. Each point in this country is a Now, and I call the country Platonia," in reference to Plato's conception of a deeper reality. Because it is timeless and created by perfect mathematical rules, Platonia is the true arena of the universe. In Platonia all possible configurations of the universe, every possible location of every atom, exist

simultaneously. There is no past moment that flows into a future moment, the question of what came before the Big Bang never arises because Barbour's cosmology has no time. The Big Bang is not an event in the distant past; it is just one special place in Platonia.

Our illusion of the past comes because each Now in Platonia contains objects that appear as "records," in Barbour's language. "The only evidence you have of last week is your memory—but memory comes from a stable structure of neurons in your brain now. The only evidence we have of the earth's past are rocks, and fossils—but these are just stable structures in the form of all arrangements of minerals we examine in the present. All we have are these records, and we only have them in the Now," Barbour says. In his theory, some Nows are linked to others in Platonia's landscape even though they all exist simultaneously. Those links create the appearance of a sequence from past to future, but there is no actual flow of time from one Now to another.

"Think of the integers," Barbour says. "Every integer exists simultaneously. But some of the integers are linked in structure, like the set of all primes or the numbers you get from the Fibonacci series." Yet the number 3 does not occur in the past of the year 2008. These ideas might sound like the stuff of late-night dorm-room conversations, but Barbour has spent four decades hammering them out in the hard language of mathematical physics. He has viewed Platonia with the equations of quantum mechanics to devise a mathematical description of a "changeless" physics. With Irish collaborator Niall O Murchadha of the National University of Ireland in Cork, Barbour is continuing to reformulate a time-free version of Einstein's theory.

WILL





明月松间照  
清泉石上流



WARES HANI  
WARES  
TURE  
NCES 229 ROEBLING



NEED

*Thank you*



HELP

HOPE

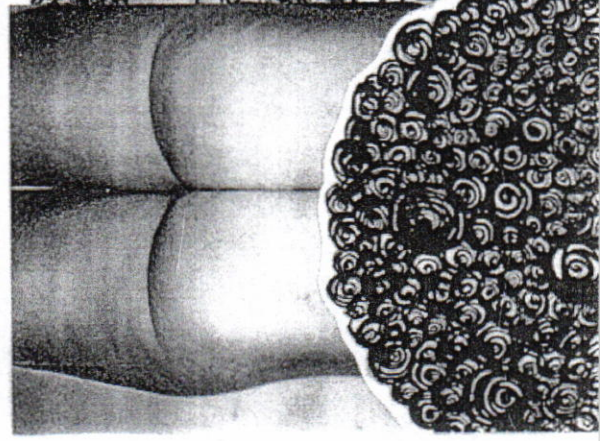
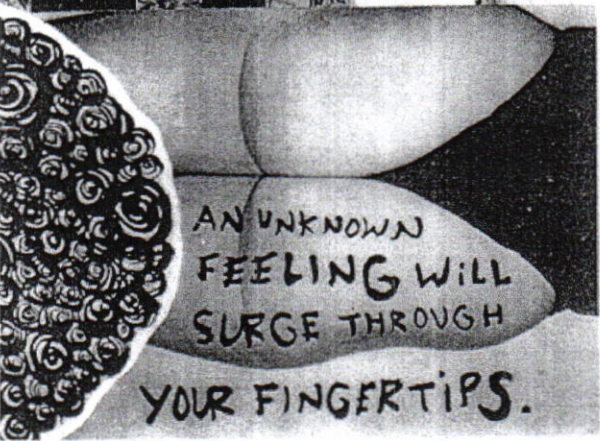
GOD BLESS



Customer Signature

*[Handwritten signature]*

917-353-





DEAR WANDERING EYES,

I HAVE A PLAN TO KILL MYSELF, AND YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO WITNESS.

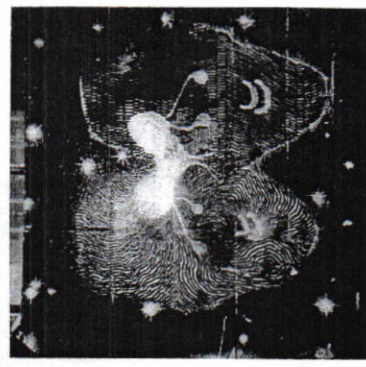
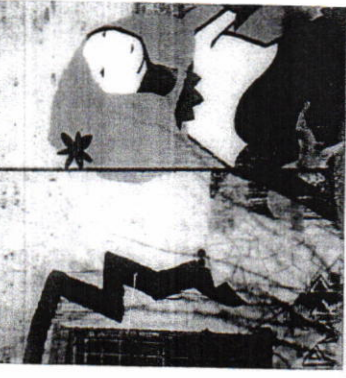
~~I~~ I WILL BE MAKING A PAIR OF CARDBOARD WINGS LINED WITH TEN BOTTLE ROCKETS ON EACH SIDE. I WILL THEN ATTACH THIS TO MY BACK WITH A STURDY STRING

ON THE DAY OF MY DEATH. THIS CONSTRUCTION WILL BE USED TO PROPEL ME FROM THE ROCKY CLIFF OVER THE OCEAN. **N I C E**

SOMETHING INSIDE ~~ME~~ HAS TOLD ME THAT I WILL INTERNALLY EXPLODE. BUT YOU WILL NOT WITNESS BLOOD AND GUTS FLYING IN EVERY WHICH DIRECTION. INSTEAD, BRIGHT COLORS AND CONFETTI WILL BURST AND RAIN AND THEY WILL BE PIECES OF ME.

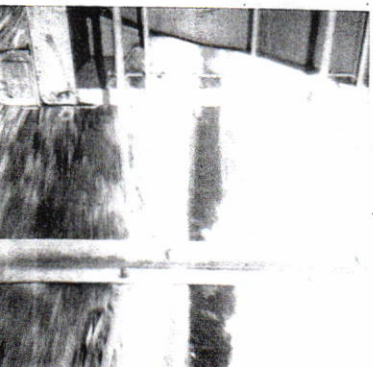
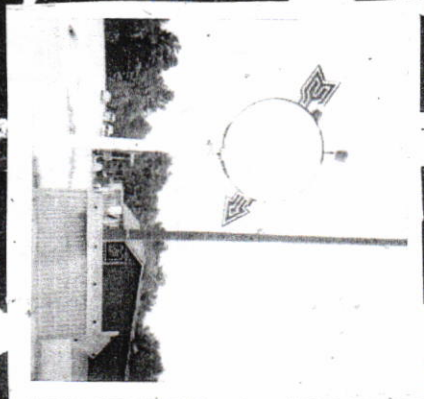
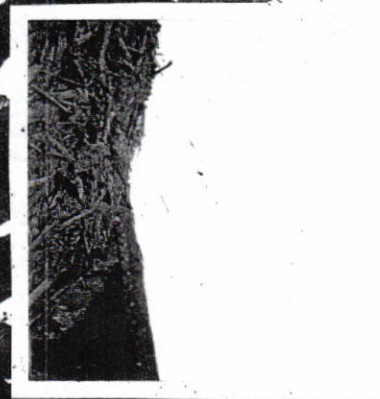
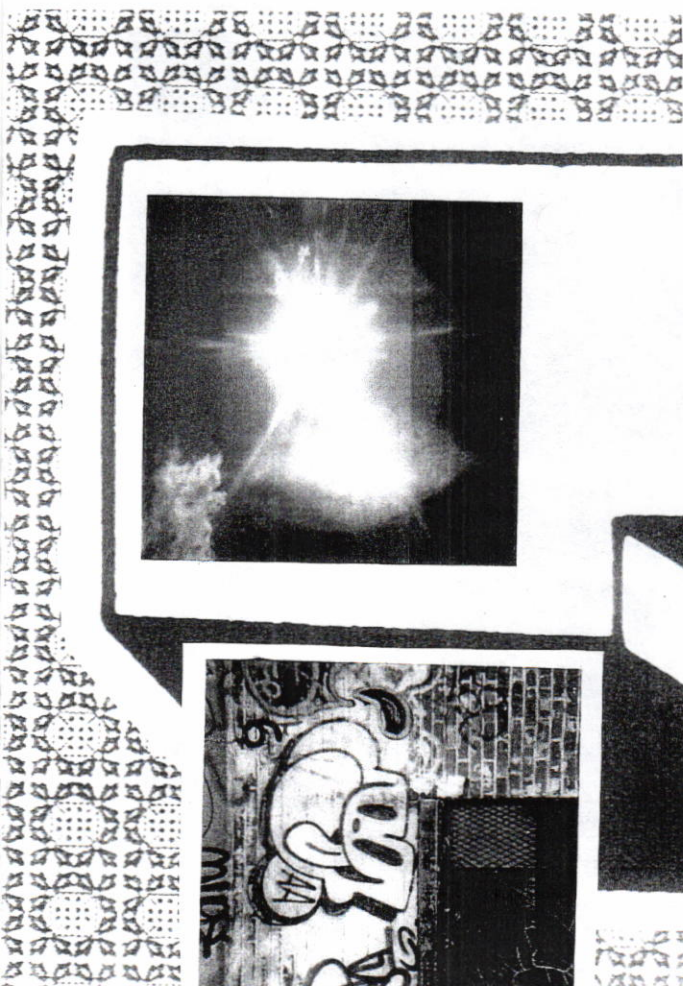
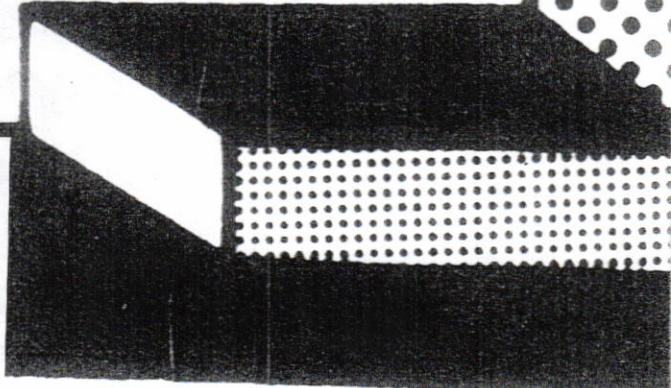
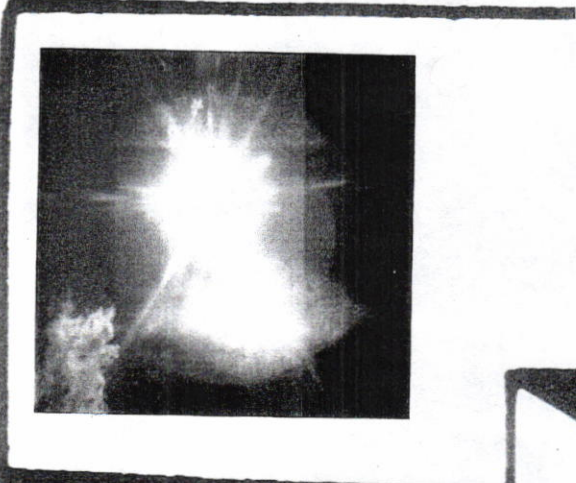
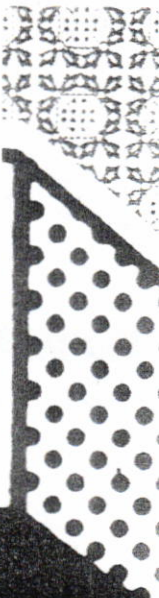
YOU WILL LOOK AND YOU WILL SMILE AND YOU WILL LAUGH. THE MOMENT WILL LAST FOREVER AND YOU WILL BE FROZEN IN A FEELING OF ECSTATIC JOY/JOYFUL ECSTASY.

SINCERELY,  
**JOHNNY DRIGGERS.**



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y763204820472948 72-



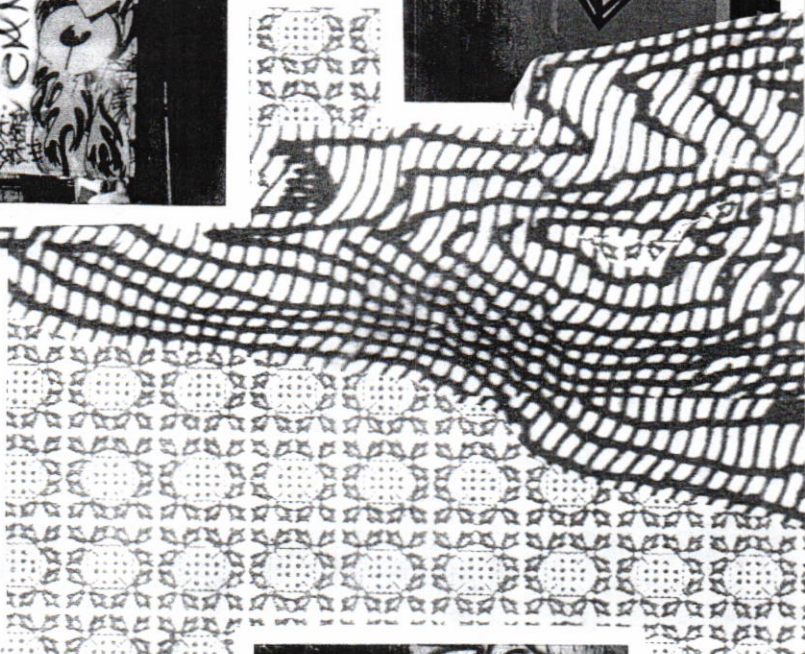
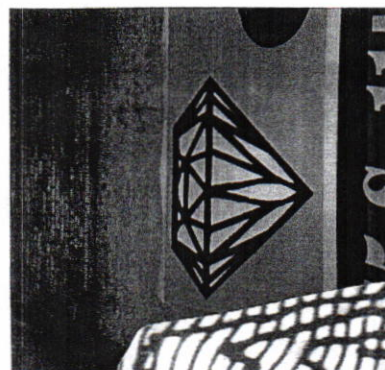


my mind is broken\*home  
and my back hurts

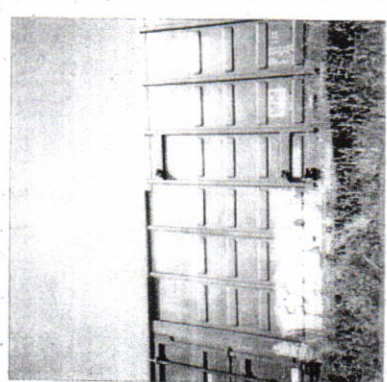
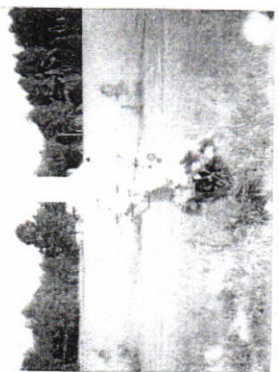




open path to the  
top of the mountain  
open gates enlarged  
misconception



those who wander  
\*\*\*\*\*







not going down like  
gatsby\*stay in  
motion \*

long day of heat and sun on balast  
rocks under backs and holes in vines.  
a junk train slowly rolls by a big open  
Gondola full of mulch. wrap a skirt around  
our faces and we are off. out rolling  
through the vines low hanging around the  
tracks. \*\*\*further out of the city  
the sky turns dark. the ride slows down  
and we retreat to a grain-hole to  
watch a lightning storm. amyric lights a joint  
during a lightning storm. amyric lights a joint  
later that night next morning. we come into  
a deep, miles long yard with intricate la yers  
of old sitting boxcars\* and new shiny white  
vans. after sitting for 30 or so minutes  
we ditch out, crossing 4 lines, two ditches  
right past a shack and through a highway  
into ant infested pine tree farm to  
then away our sleepless night. ants ants  
hamletnc. yard is miles away from town. noone  
was piking up dirty hitchers, so we walk.  
sweet conversation with old ladies at Hardees  
about history of train town, when depression  
sinks in. take a nap by some work trains catch  
some ba gs. go back to the yard and plan our exit.  
they have somewhat not trains going out  
with little white trucks following in ytow.  
we catch a good break on a bend, get in  
snug in our grain cars, and wait till we  
get out. ..then b egin, the TMB RIDE.

night quickly takes hold. we are in the midst of a  
long line of mixed cars: boxcars, grainers, doublestacks...  
rolled through small intersections held strict at the  
lights under small town intersections held strict at the  
tracks. ive been there now we are the shadows i tow.  
stiver a short nap. i awoke to amyric not being in sight  
i yelled for him but no response \* i thought that i was  
on the death train. the car i stop\* nonstop ride of  
my life. ma ybe i rolled off in my sleep, or maybe  
amyric fell. and its just me to blame in the trial \*  
no, he was on top of the car. straddling the walk grate  
winding the woman psychodelic drstrangelove flash  
the night eventually passed, and we rode smoothly  
into a small quiet Georgia town \* passing into  
the darkness the night before \* hurling through space  
racin g over rivers into nothing\* his was all  
sitting on  
the porch while we passed two workers, we knew we could  
would not be able to make it through at ante.  
so we disboarded\* and ate a southern s tyle buffet  
with good ol boys in small town atll, caught a  
ride after talking with a ufo sex freak at coffee  
shop\* boarded a greyhound back after long deliberation  
Great ride\*07



factory direct\*\*\*

trees in a row/stacked  
showly roll into the yard

by yard bulls\* but we saw  
them first hand

#### 1987 / # 11111

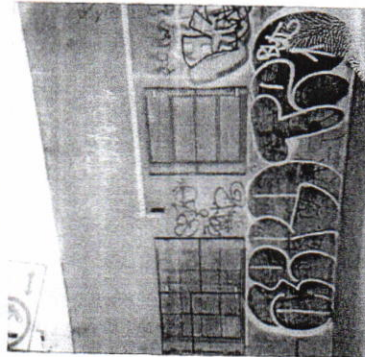
Summer 2007

Rabbit, Amyric and i left from Grand Central  
It was an RedEye bus \* Grayhounds run my dreams  
We took the usual acute going through the  
Baltimore travel PLAZA \*\*\* home sweet  
and an exceptional layover in early morning  
RICHMOND VA 9\* sitting on the bricks in  
front , discussing the det ails of how to  
board a moving freight train 6  
with rr and Amyric ( afrench adventurer)  
Young poor black youth from town with items for sale.  
back on the bus for hours more to go\*  
kudzu vison as the ride wore on to the carolinas  
we began to wait around the corner from my  
CSX yard . Our friend KLEVER joined us  
with some joints rolled by my father \*\*  
vi we waited the warm night out, deep in  
vines and dirt\* the strange deer ghost called  
out in a barking chirping fashion\*  
of the night was alive without the sound  
of a wellmoving notloading train anywhere

the next morning, Klever was gone, and  
the original 3 tried to do this spot further  
going, but getting some daytime action.  
trying, too hard, we went right into the  
local 1 yard, slow stop, two white mini  
vans, track workers with poles, we retreated  
into the air flow holes in the center  
of the grain carrying cars we were riding.  
footsteps, slowly, past and up the rocks,  
and we make a break out of the yard  
out and up the fence to my fathers waiting  
ride, lay low, small town, this is big news  
next day, different spot, rabbit goes back  
home, having experienced the ride short and  
...now its me and frenchie, having bonded  
through diversity and determination and long  
waits for rideables out of a notoriously  
slow town to ride out of. WE wait another day

PM  
7 23  
R7 33  
H 7 47

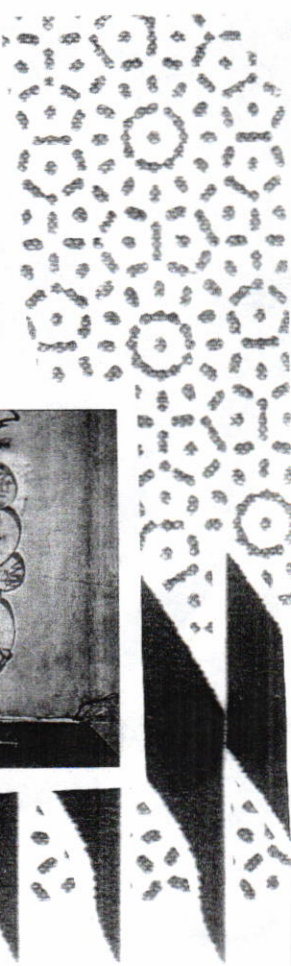
phone static in my ear  
a constant hum in the dark  
high pitched sonik sickness  
position yourself on the  
highest spot \* \*\*1



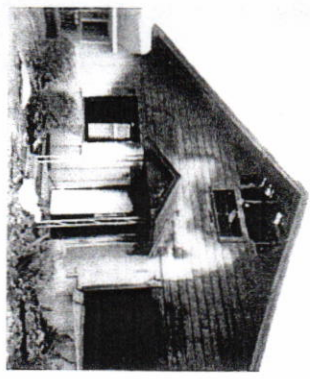
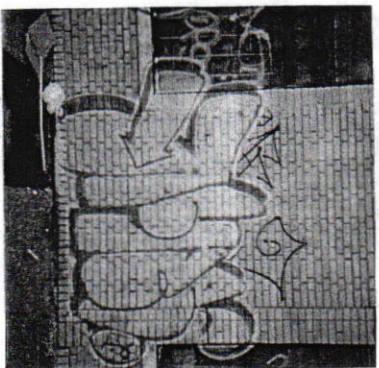
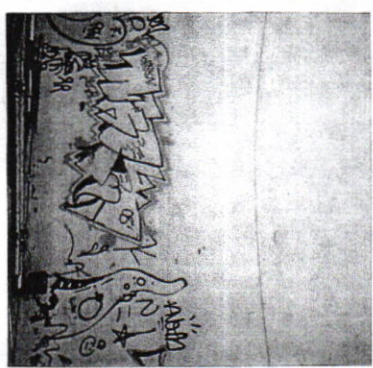
5 00	5 52	H5 17
5 04	5 54	5 30
5 06	5 56	PM
5 10	5 59	
5 12		



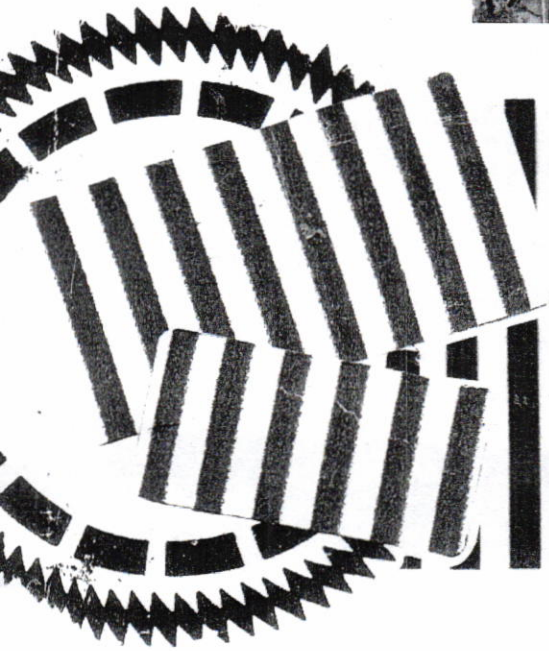
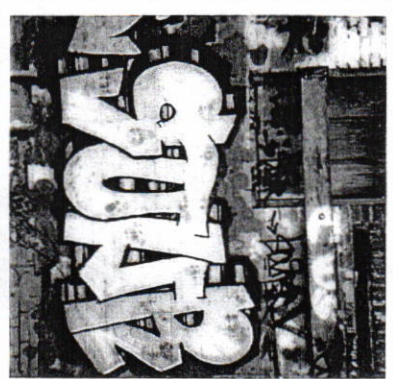




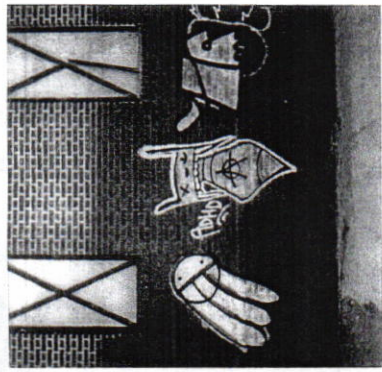
mean, ngless  
friendless mass of  
recoil shout



UNITED STATES



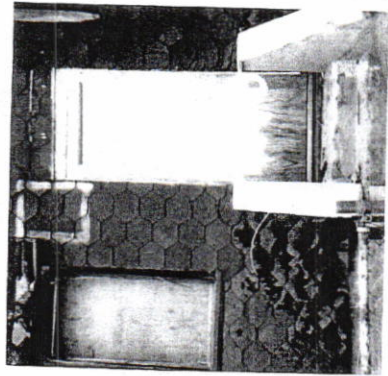




ized SALT<sup>®</sup>

SALT<sup>®</sup>

HERE **BREAK** indized SALT<sup>®</sup>



cornered spots and  
extended lines\* break free  
rings around the sunspots  
in my eyes. still cant see



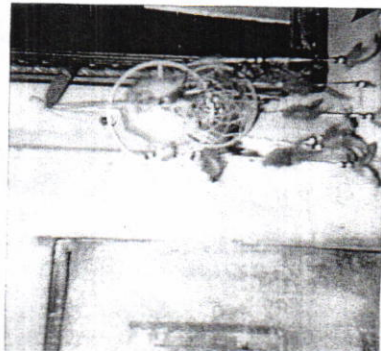
Postcode



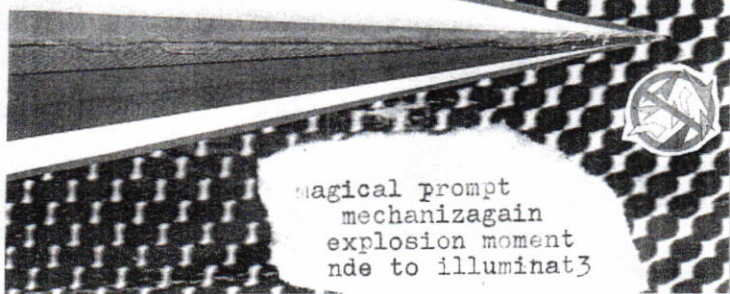
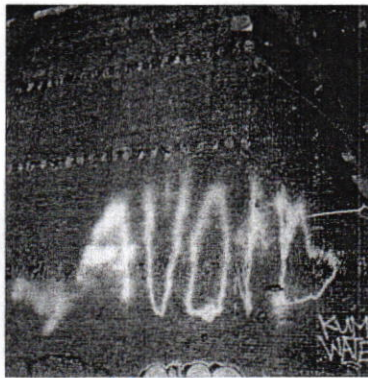
address



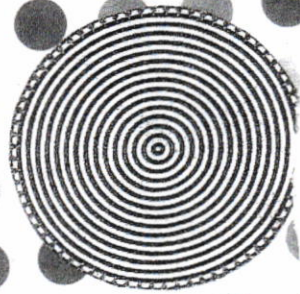
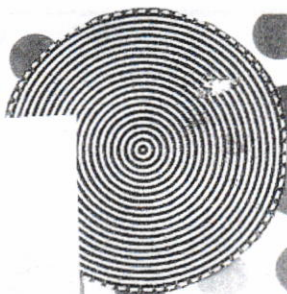
images from deep SSouthH  
burnt down dream images  
unlocked \* from deep deepness  
how lost?







magical prompt  
mechanizagain  
explosion moment  
nde to illuminat3



J. Supine & English  
BK- NY

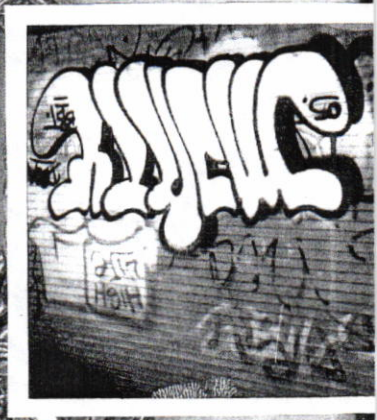




EXPIRATION TIME  
EXPIRATION DATE



C DOT-BUREAU OF PARKING  
DISPLAY ON DRIVER'S SIDE  
OF DASHBOARD



\*found polaroids visions of  
some others in alley trash  
like this will too \*

27058





